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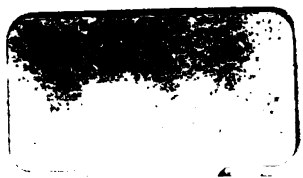
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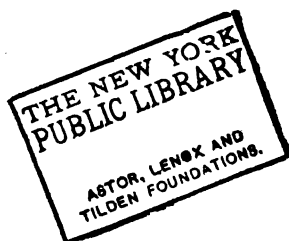


SONGS BY THE SEA.



Happy New Year 1890  
To Miss Anna H. Sweeney

M. Sweeney





Very sincerely Yours  
Rebecca Puter Springer

SONGS . . . .

---

By the

. . . . SEA.



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BY REBECCA RUTER SPRINGER,

AUTHOR OF "BEECHWOOD," "SELF," "LEON," ETC.

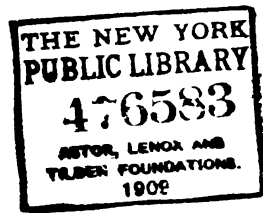
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1889

:: Fleming B. Revell ::

CHICAGO:  
148 AND 150 MADISON STREET.

NEW YORK:  
12 BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE.



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TO  
FRANCES FOLSOM CLEVELAND,  
BELOVED OF ALL,  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS INSCRIBED.





## INTRODUCTION.

---

HE Ocean never fails to awaken in those who look upon it, the strongest emotions, ranging from admiration to awe—even terror. Its vastness encompassing the earth; its mystery, guarding in unfathomable depths such wealth of "sunken wreck and sunless treasures," its ever-changing face now smiling at the beauty of the Day-spring, or gently reflecting the glory of the sunset, and again beneath the midnight sky, wearing the aspect of a firmament itself with its own constellations of stars; then changing to its "multitudinous laughter," or yet more stirred by the breeze, its waves seeming to the eye of Ariosto, "Neptune's white herds lowing o'er the deep;" and yet again, when roused by the fury of the hurricane, the "heap of great waters utters its voice and lifts up its hands on high," the beholder cannot but feel that when in this mirror of the Almighty He thus glasses himself in tempests, "He made darkness his secret place and that his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies;" each of these aspects not only awakens the sensibility, but enkindles the imagination of him that hath eyes to see. No wonder, then, that the Poets, gifted with the "vision and faculty divine," have ever delighted to use the Sea in description and for images, interpreting its meanings and making us familiar with its majesty, both of beauty and of wrath. The loftiest song bequeathed to us by gray antiquity is the triumphant strain of Moses, chanted by Miriam and her maidens on the shore of the sea commemorating the victory it wrought as the servant of the Most High; and from that day to this, almost every true Poet has yielded to the spell of "this image of eternity, the throne of the invisible," and their finest passages deal with it.

It is natural, therefore, that the sensitive spirit and delicate fancy of Mrs. Springer should be deeply moved and enkindled by both its grandeur and loveliness. Its calm soothes her as a lullaby, its "mirrors rounded large," bright with the sun's glory, transfer the radiance to her soul; and "torn ocean's roar," not only lifts up her imagination to hear



the voices of deep calling unto deep, but draws forth her tenderest sympathies for the human suffering and loss caused by the devouring main. Nor is it strange that one bred upon the prairies of the West, as she was, knowing the ocean only by hearsay for many years, should be prepared to yield her heart to its mighty charm. The boundless plains of her native land, whose gentle undulations resemble the long swell of the sea, their verdure almost matching its hue, their groves easily mistaken for islands "that like to rich and various gems inlay the unadorned bosom of the deep," would school the eye and mind of Mrs. Springer to see and tell of things invisible to most of us, when she came to stand by the multitude of great waters through which she beholds Jehovah riding upon His horses and chariots of salvation.

These "Songs by the Sea" with the exquisite illustrations which make them yet more real, will, I am sure, be welcomed in many a household throughout this broad land. The melody of their musical numbers, the vivid pictures, the tender pathos, the genuine human interest born of

"The soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind;"

will cause them to be enshrined in the memory and love of countless readers.

WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 25th, 1889.



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## SONGS BY THE SEA.

—:α:—

### THE SINGER.

— . —



WAS night in a little village—

A village down by the sea;

And the clouds hung low,

Drifting to and fro,

And the wind moaned drearily.

Anon, the great waves, lashing

The rocks, tossed high the foam;

And over the billows dashing,

Their white sails dimly flashing,

The fishermen hastened home.

And darker, and yet still darker,

The night, with its storm, came down;

And deeper, and yet still deeper,

Like death o'er a doomed sleeper,

Gloom hung o'er the silent town.

Round many a fireside cheery—

Shut in from the gloom and the storm,

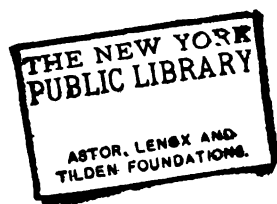
W Y P L

1978

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"Round many a fireside cheery—shut in from the gloom and the storm," etc.



Shut in from the night so dreary,  
From the sea with its moanings weary—  
    Cozy, and bright, and warm,  
The village cronies gathered;  
    Gathered from far and near;  
And many a story of horror,  
And many a tale of terror,  
    They hastened to tell and hear.  
The children, in open-eyed wonder  
    Or fear, crouched listening near;  
While the mother, with babe on her bosom,  
Stood listening the stories so gruesome,  
    With oftentimes a sigh, or a tear.  
When, suddenly, over the waters  
    Came the boom of the minute gun!  
And out from the firesides cheery,  
Out into the night so eerie—  
    Intent on the work to be done—  
Rushed women and men to the rescue!  
    (For brave hearts in rude bosoms lie.)  
They heard in that sound, so appalling,  
The voices in agony calling:  
    “Send help to us, soon, or we die!”



Great bonfires soon were ablazing;  
By their light, thro' the mist, they could see,  
Faintly outlined, a ship madly rolling  
'Mid the breakers; while tolling, still tolling,  
Her bell rang a knell o'er the sea.  
"She has foundered amid the breakers!  
She has gone ashore on the reef!"  
Was the cry; as they fell to devising  
(While the mad waves were evermore rising)  
The means that should bring relief.  
Brave hearts, eager hands trimmed the life-boat;  
With strong men, and true, she was manned;  
But the incoming billows quick caught her,  
And, shaken and tossed, swiftly brought her,  
And threw her back high on the strand.  
Again and again they endeavored  
With that dark, angry sea to contend;  
But higher, and yet still higher,  
Leaped the billows, like fierce flames of fire,  
And they knew that all hope there must end.

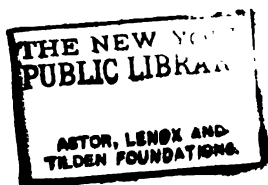
Suddenly, through the darkness,  
Came the shriek of a little child!  
Full of anguish and terror,





"By their light, thro' the mist, they could see, faintly outlined, a ship madly rolling," etc.





Ringing out sharp and wild  
Over the roar of the tempest;  
    Borne from the ship that lay  
Tossing amid the breakers,  
    So near, yet so far away.  
Again the men sprang to the life-boat,  
    And each face was pale and set;  
And eyes unused to weeping,  
    With manly tears were wet.  
But no boat could stem the breakers—  
    A boat without command,  
Like a straw in the breath of the tempest,  
    'Twas thrown back on the strand.  
The women wept in anguish,  
    And raised their hands in prayer;  
For every heart was stricken  
    With that sharp cry of despair.

Hark! Borne over the waters,  
    Ringing out strong and clear,  
Came the voice of a woman, singing!  
    And listening, they could hear  
The words, in the lull of the tempest.  
    (Oh! love so undefiled!)



They knew 'twas the voice of the mother  
Singing to calm her child.  
And as she sang to her darling—  
Knowing that death was so near—  
She caught the words she so needed,  
Her own heart to strengthen and cheer.  
“Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes”—  
Rang out the words; then came the breakers' roar.  
“Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies”—  
They knew she sang, though they could hear no more.  
Then came a lull, and clear as clear could be,  
“Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;”  
And strong and full, like prisoned bird set free,  
“In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!”

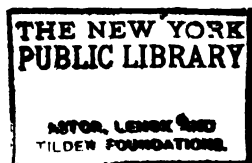
A heavier surge of the breakers, they heard the voice  
no more.

And though they watched and waited,  
Nought but the breakers' roar,  
And the moan of the wind, now dying,  
Came to the listening ear;  
And they knew the voice of the singer  
They never again should hear.  
And when the night had wasted,



"They knew 'twas the voice of the mother singing to calm her child."







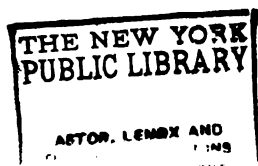
And morn came, cold and gray,  
On the wet sand, near the mooring,  
A fair dead woman lay.  
To her heart was still enfolded  
A tiny, fair-haired girl,  
With face like a wayside flower,  
And pure as an ocean pearl.  
And the sun broke through the shadows,  
And looked on the dead, and smiled;  
And they knew, as they knelt about her,  
'Twas the singer and her child.





"'Twas the singer and her child."





## SEA MOSSES.



HAT do ye tell of the sea,  
Beautiful mosses, so tender and fair?  
Fairy spring roses, bright sea-maiden's hair,  
Paintings of coral, so dainty and rare;  
What do ye tell of the sea?

Where do ye dwell in the sea?  
Down in the caves where the mermaidens play—  
Wreathing their walls with your delicate spray?  
Then floating upward, away and away,  
Bringing this pleasure to me?

What do ye hear in the sea?  
Hear ye the song of the mermaids beneath,  
Luring the sailor to darkness and death?  
Hear ye the last gurgling sound of his breath,  
As he sinks down in the sea?



Tell us, ye flowers of the sea—  
When the brave ship on the breakers is thrown,  
Hear ye the cries of the dying? The moan  
Of the poor wretch who sinks downward, alone,  
Into the depths of the sea?

Hear ye these sounds of the sea?  
Or is it only the sounds that we love—  
Murmurs of caverns with bright treasure-trove;  
Of delicate shells, and the bright coral grove  
Hidden away in the sea?

And do ye long for the sea?  
Linger there voices that whispering tell  
Of the sea-wave, with its musical swell?  
Voices that, like the sweet tones of the shell,  
Echo for e'er of the sea?

This do ye whisper to me:  
God in His wisdom, His love, and His care,  
Fashions the beautiful everywhere.  
Naught can more plainly His power declare  
Than this sweet moss from the sea.





## DRIFTING.

— . —



THE boats go idly drifting over the summer sea,  
The sails are hanging loosely down, or flapping lazily.  
All quiet lies the harbor; the waves are all asleep,  
And silence broodeth gently, now, over the restless deep.  
A bugle softly soundeth beyond the bastioned wall,  
And far across the waters, we hear the sea-mew's call.

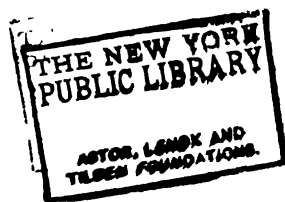
The sunset hues have faded, the lighthouse lamp's aglow;  
Yet still the music stealeth over the waters low.

My life is drifting—drifting out on a trackless sea;  
But *its* waves are hushed, and music steals from the distant  
shore to me.  
And I know when the daylight fadeth, for me, on the shores  
of time,  
I shall safely drift to the harbor, whence issue those strains  
sublime.





"Before me lay the tranquil waters of the placid bay."



## THE WRECK ON THE STRAND.

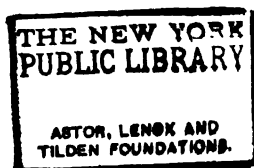


STOOD upon the strand. Before me lay  
The tranquil waters of the placid bay.  
The solemn thud of waves upon the shore  
Broke the near stillness: faintly sounded o'er  
The waves the sea-mew's cry, and far away  
The fisher's song came drifting o'er the bay.  
A sea-gull floated on the light wave's crest;  
A purple haze hung low within the west;  
A golden cloudlet in the deep blue lay,  
Holding within its breast the sun's last ray;  
While over all the young moon thread-like hung,  
And from the distant heights the curfew rung.  
A white sail slowly o'er the waters crept,  
And deepening shadows in the hollows slept;  
And toward the old wreck, high upon the strand,  
The encroaching waves stole o'er the yielding sand.  
And then my thoughts ran backward many a day  
And rested where a ship at anchor lay.





"Heard the command to let the anchor go, and listened to the seaman's brave 'Heave-ho!'"



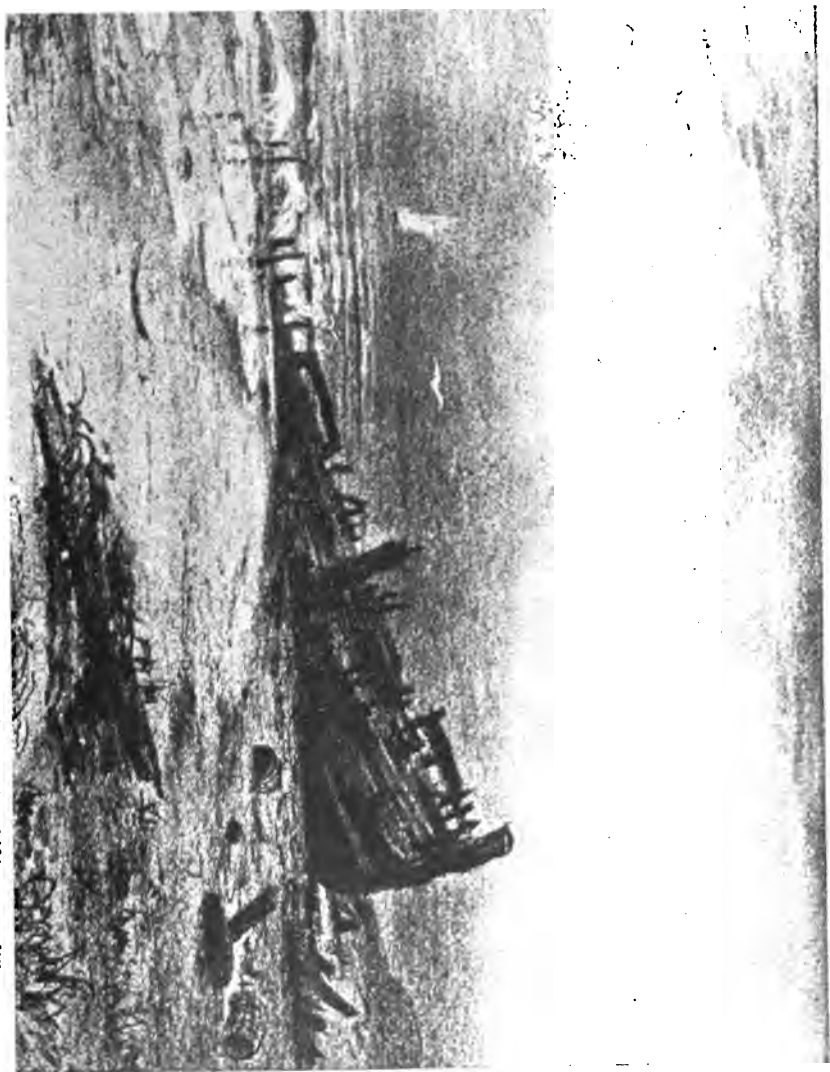


I saw the stalwart captain and his crew,  
Their many friends who came to say "Adieu;"  
Heard the command to let the anchor go,  
And listened to the seaman's brave "Heave-ho!"  
Then, as the sails filled out, I heard the cheers,  
And heard the women's moans, and saw their tears;  
And thought how many a heart would throb with  
    pain,

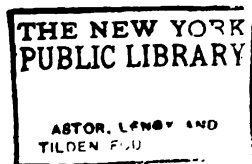
Before the brave ship anchored there again.  
And then my thoughts went drifting far away—  
Far out beyond the limits of the bay;  
Out where 'gainst rugged cliffs the breakers roar,  
And beat in anger on a rock-bound shore.  
And there once more I saw the ship; but now  
The breakers dashed across her gallant prow.  
The masts were gone—her anchor would not hold.  
Alas! how oft this story has been told!  
Of the brave crew no record do we find;  
Passing, no land-marks have they left behind.  
We only know there came no helping hand—  
And there the wreck lies on the shifting strand!

And fancy, once more flitting, sees the home  
To which the sailor never more will come.





"We only know there came no helping hand—and there the wreck lies on the shifting strand!"



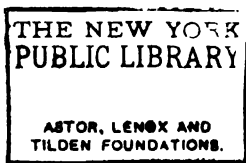
Sees the foud wife her lonely vigils keep;  
Lists to her earnest prayers, and hears her weep.  
O, hearts that weep! O, eyes that watch in vain!  
Will not some recompense reward your pain?  
Some future good to these worn hearts return,  
In compensation for the grief they've borne?

A wave breaks at my feet! I start and shrink.  
The stars are out; their soft rays rise and sink  
Upon the dancing waves. The stranded wreck  
Shows only here and there a tiny speck.  
The golden cloud has faded quite away;  
The sails no more are drifting o'er the bay;  
The fisher's distant song no more is heard.  
But thoughts within my soul the sea has stirred  
That will not rest: like waves, they come and go,  
Moving the hidden depths that slept below.  
And this their burden—this the sad sea-moan  
Heard ever in the waves' deep undertone:  
How like our mortal life is to the sea!  
Its tranquil hours, its storms, its mystery.  
Its breaking waves, that ceaseless beat the shore,  
Like breaking hearts that hope till hope is o'er.  
Its flitting sails, that meet upon the main,



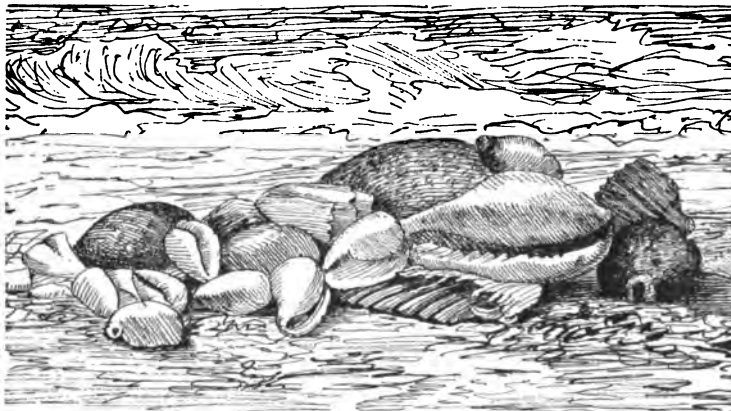
"And fancy, once more flitting, sees the home to which the sailor never more will come."







Like hearts that love an hour, then part again.  
Its hidden graves, o'er which the waters flow,  
Hiding the skeletons that sleep below;  
Its drifting sands, that kindly cover o'er—  
Like passing years—the wrecks that line the shore.  
Its shells, that ever murmur of the deep,  
Like tender memories that will not sleep.  
Its songs, that oft at eventide we hear,  
Like echoes from that world so far—so near!  
Its haze, through which we see the distant land:  
But, most of all, its wrecks upon the strand:



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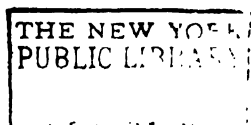


STORM is over the sea.

The angry waves, with sullen roar,  
Leap and dash on the rugged shore;  
And over the waters, far away,  
The beacon glimmers, thro' fog and spray,  
Like will-o-th'-wisp over the lea.

The gloom grows thick and fast.  
The boats are at anchor. And hark! the bell  
Sounds o'er the waves like a funeral knell.  
A leaden sky broods over all,  
Like the heavy folds of a funeral pall;  
And th' wind goes shrieking past.

God pity the fisher-lad  
Whose boat is still on this angry sea,  
Exposed to dangers he may not flee:



Distant so far he may not hear  
The warning bell from the light-house pier,  
In its tolling, so lone and sad.

And pity the mother so old,  
With pallid face 'gainst the window-pane;  
Straining her eyes thro' the mist and the rain,  
Watching, with hope akin to despair,  
For sight of the boat that is not there,  
With her fisher-lad so bold.

Night closes darkly down.  
She cannot see thro' the mist and rain—  
Still she presses her face 'gainst the window-pane.  
Amid the darkness she still can pray  
For th' lad of her heart so far away;  
The wind answering moan for moan.

What will the morrow bring?  
Joy and gladness, or grief and pain?  
Sunshine and brightness, or clouds and rain?  
Over that home will joy be shed—  
Or must the sea give up its dead?  
What will the morrow bring?



O, sea! with the sullen moan,  
With the dark waves fierce and high,  
Dashing against the rugged shore  
Beneath this leaden sky—  
What, when the morning breaks—  
The morning we all must see—  
What will thy hidden depths reveal?  
What will thy mysteries be?







## THE SHINING TRACK.



FROM the light-house tower I watch at night.

Low, heavy clouds make a lone, dark sea,  
Save where, thro' a rift, the moonbeams bright  
Throw a narrow stream of silvery light—  
Like a path, I fancy, for forms in white  
To come, as I'm watching on bended knee,  
From the unseen world to me.

I watch for the boats to come sailing back  
That went at dawn; but naught can I see,  
Save where the moon, thro' the waters black,  
Has cut for itself this shining track;  
And in it three boats I plainly see  
That are sailing back to me.

There are other boats—there must surely be—  
Where the waters are dark and the clouds hang low;  
But I only see the three—the three  
Sailing so placidly on to me,



Thro' the shining path across the sea:  
Only these are safe, I know.

Where are the others that sailed? Alack!  
I look in vain out over the sea.  
The waves are heavy, the clouds are black,  
And I turn again to the shining track;  
But none, alas! are coming back  
Thro' its silvery gates, but three.

Then I silently think of another path,  
With its shining light across life's sea;  
And I pray, "O, Father! when clouds of wrath  
Hang darkly above us, may our faith  
Draw us from the darkness into the path  
Of light that is shed by Thee."





## THE SHIPS.



THE ships go up, the ships go down;  
The sails of the fishermen dot the bay;  
The walls of the fort from the hill-top frown,  
And the town at its feet lies asleep to-day.  
The ships go up, and the ships go down—  
Some to the harbor, some to the sea:  
I watch one sailing away from the town  
Out to the great wide sea—ah me!

I watch it sailing away from the town,  
For it bears in its heart of oak my lad—  
My lad so bonnie, so brave, so brown,  
And my heart is sad, my heart is sad.  
O, sea so restless! O, sea so deep!  
When will you bring him to me again?  
I shall think of him waking—dream of him asleep—  
While my heart is torn with a secret pain.



Will you bring him back to me, brave and true—  
The lad you have torn from my heart to-day?  
Shall I crown him with laurel, or crown him with rue,  
When the ship returns that now bears him away?

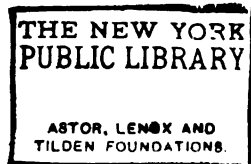








"Under the sea-wall, down by the bay, I dream the beautiful hours away."



## UNDER THE SEA-WALL.

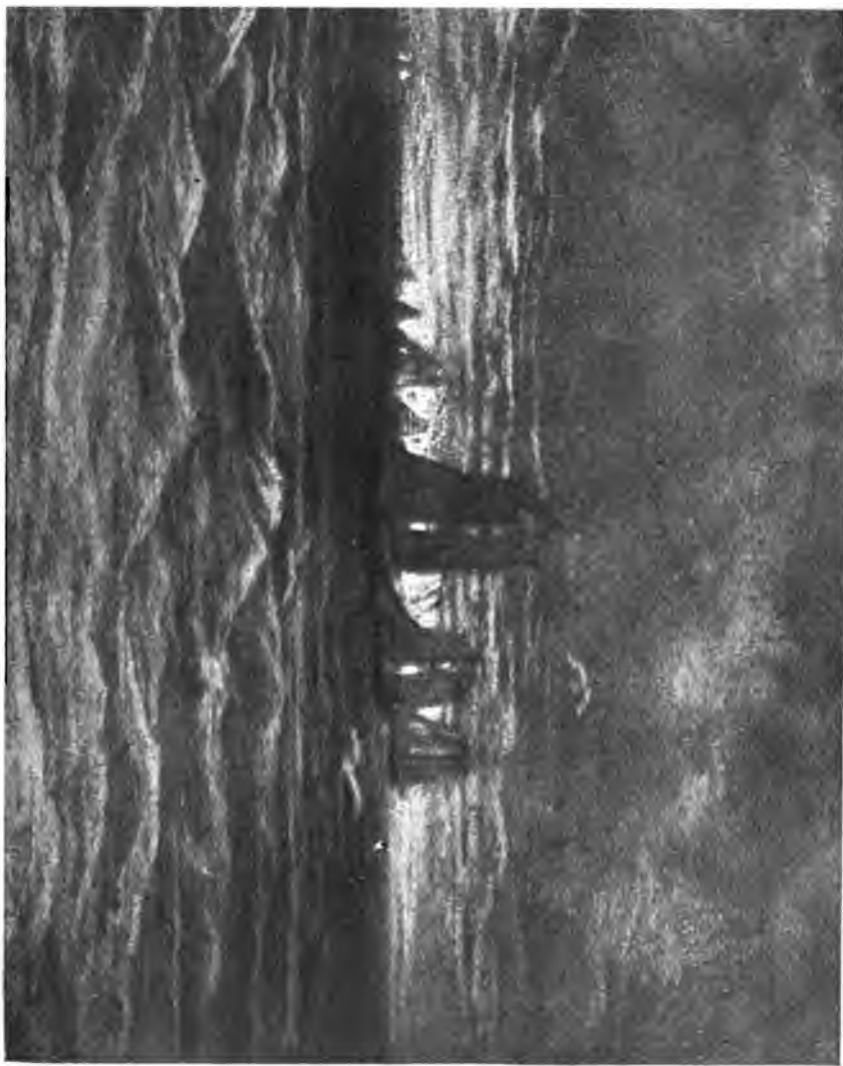


UNDER the sea-wall, down by the bay,  
I dream the beautiful hours away.  
My body from pain has sweet release,  
And my soul is full of rest and peace.  
There is wonderful balm in the solemn flow  
Of the sun-lit waves, as they come and go;  
Rest to the tired nerves and brain—  
Peace to the heart, if filled with pain.

I look away o'er the waters blue,  
Where the distant ships seem sailing thro'  
The sunset clouds, with their golden glow  
Like the light from the years of "The Long Ago,"  
And I almost fancy the purple haze,  
In the glowing west hides from our gaze  
The distant shore—with its golden strand  
And its bastioned walls—of the better land.



"I look away o'er the waters blue, where the distant ships seem sailing thro'," etc.



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And I almost fancy I hear the call  
Of tender voices beyond the wall!  
And look, with wistful eyes, to see  
Dear faces smiling down on me  
Thro' the haze, which now doth plainly show  
In its purple depths a golden glow.  
I cannot believe it is but a dream,  
That will fade with the sunset's golden gleam.

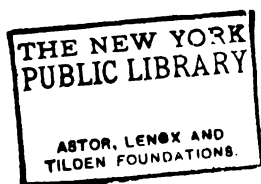
O, sunset sky! O, wonderful sea!  
What radiant visions you bring to me!  
How you lift my soul from the dross and the clay,  
And bear it on solemn wings away  
Where things of diviner mold have birth  
Than ever were born on this shadowed earth;  
And givest me courage to faithful be,  
Wherever God's wisdom placeth me!







"And look, with wistful eyes, to see dear faces smiling down on me," etc.



DOWN BY THE SEA.

---

DOWN BY THE SEA.

(A RONDEAU.)

— . —



DOWN by the sea—down by the sea  
Our spirits partake of its mystery.  
Our souls are uplifted, and float away  
To the beautiful realms of cloudless day;  
While strains of melody, soft and low,  
Come with the waves in their solemn flow.  
The world has no charms, there, for you or for me  
And we almost wonder if evil can be

Down by the sea.

Down by the sea—down by the sea,  
The Christ who died for you and for me,  
While yet upon earth, oftentimes would walk,  
And with His loved disciples talk.  
He must have loved its solemn tones—



Even its tempests and its moans—  
For oft He sought, on bended knee,  
The Father's loving face to see,  
Down by the sea.

Down by the sea, down by the sea—  
The wonderful sea of Galilee—  
The hungry thousands who begged for bread,  
From five small loaves were amply fed.  
And when their hunger was satisfied  
By Him whom soon they crucified,  
He taught them—oh! so tenderly—  
Lessons of trust and charity,  
Down by the sea.

Down by the sea, down by the sea,  
He healed the sick; made the blind to see;  
The lame to walk; and the dumb to sing  
Praises to Jesus—their Lord and King.  
Devils cast out, till they begged to flee,  
With the frightened swine, down into the sea;  
Down by the sea.

Once, when a storm raged o'er the deep,  
Within the ship He lay asleep.



But when the frightened sailors cried  
To Him for help their barque to guide,  
He calmed the tempest by His will—  
Said to the mad waves, "Peace; be still!"  
At once His voice the waves obey—  
And in the haven the good ship lay,  
Down by the sea.

Once, in the midnight dark and lone,  
A soft light thro' the tempest shone;  
And as they called upon His name,  
Walking on stormy waves He came.  
And when, affrighted, still they prayed,  
He called, "'Tis I! Be not afraid!"  
Ah! blessed voice that calms each fear,  
When winds are high and storms are near  
Upon life's sea.

Down by the sea, down by the sea,  
I whisper, "Saviour, come to me!  
Unseal *my* eyes, that I may see  
The pathway Thou dost mark for me.  
Guide my poor, stumbling feet, and show  
Them how with Thee to safely go.





Unloose my faltering tongue to sing  
The praises of *my* Saviour-King;  
And let my holiest lessons be  
Taught me, from day to day, by Thee  
Down by the sea.

Down by the sea, the crystal sea—  
Where all of the redeemed shall be;  
Where you and I, beloved, shall go,  
Our crimson robes washed white as snow  
In Christ's dear blood—what hymns of praise  
Thro' countless ages we shall raise!  
There all our loved ones we shall see—  
Think what a meeting that will be  
Down by the sea!





## DIVIDED.



COLD, gray rock, a leaden sky,  
And the moan of the restless sea;  
A lonely beach, stretching far away  
Where a woman walked wearily.  
The damp sea-air to her dark hair clung;  
Her face was haggard and worn,  
As though she had watched in sorrow long  
For one who would never return.  
Her white hands were clasped as in sad appeal,  
As she looked out over the sea,  
While the passionate murmured words reveal  
The soul's deep agony.

"Parted forever! Well, 'tis best:  
For life brought only sad unrest  
To one, to both! And yet, and yet—  
I cannot, cannot quite forget  
That I loved him, and he loved me;



And that whate'er my lot may be,  
Howe'er so wide apart may lie  
Our separate ways beneath the sky—  
The time hath been when I have heard  
His heart beneath my head, and stirred  
Its inmost depth by word of mine!  
Yet now, alas! I make no sign;  
I cannot, dare not—that my own  
Is breaking for his sake. No moan  
Escapes my lips; no tear my eye;  
Yet often, tho' I scarce know why,  
I'd lay my worn life gladly down  
To win forgetfulness. The frown  
Of fortune hath no sting for me,  
Like this pale ghost of memory.  
The years pass on—they come, they go;  
Yet summer's sun, or winter's snow,  
Alike recall the past. I see  
The shadowy way marked out for me  
Adown the coming years, and know  
My weary feet therein must go.  
And thou, ah! thou, so far away,  
Sitting by thy lone fire to-day,



What sayest thou? Changed tho' thou art,  
Thou canst not put me from thy heart.  
Thou see'st me ever at thy side  
As in the past. Perchance thy pride  
Can hide the wound, conceal the smart,  
But memory lives within thy heart.  
And this I know—when we shall stand  
Together, in that far off land;  
When o'er our souls shall fall the light  
That solves all doubts, reveals the right;  
When all the shadows are swept away,  
In the light of that most perfect day—  
Heart unto heart will cling again,  
As tho' the shadows never had been;  
And the past, with its sorrows, no more shall stand  
Like a spectre of wrath, with uplifted hand.

Longing, hoping, thus do I wait  
For the life beyond the shadowy gate.

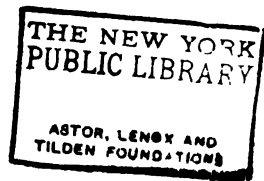
And the sea moaned on; the clouds dropped rain,  
As though to answer her in her pain.







"But, like a ghastly presence, it standeth all cold and gray," etc.



## A LEGEND OF DUNLUCE.



FAR, where Atlantic billows break over a rock-bound shore,  
And dash into many a hidden cave, with fierce and sullen  
roar;

Where the "Giant's Causeway" standeth, like sentinels grim  
and old,

A massive rock uplifts itself, from the waters dark and cold.  
And high on its barren summit a ruined castle stands—  
With bare walls reaching heavenward, like a shipwrecked  
sailor's hands.

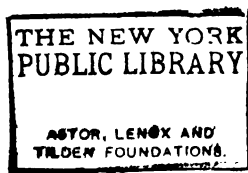
No ivy climbs its turrets; no moss to its casement clings;  
Time, over its darkened portals, no softening shadow flings;  
But, like a ghostly presence, it standeth all cold and gray,  
Crowned by the mists of ocean, and kissed by the dashing  
spray.

A narrow but fearful chasm divides this rock from the land;  
And this, in the feudal ages, a massive drawbridge spanned.  
And here Lord Antrim, of Antrim, secure from his foemen  
stood:





THE BANSHEE.



The rocky tower his fortress; his bulwark, the raging flood.  
The castle fronted the mainland—let this be remembered, I  
pray—

The castle fronted the mainland; the kitchen lay nearest the  
sea,

And under it was a cavern, where the waves mad revels kept,  
And where, it was whispered, the Banshee—the terrible Ban-  
shee—slept!

One night a banquet was given, full two hundred years ago,  
And from turret to rock foundation, the castle was all aglow;  
And ladies of rank and beauty, and lords of high degree,  
Went over to Dunluce Castle to join in the revelry.

From turret to rock foundation; the Castle was all aglow,  
While the winds and the waves, together, kept maddening revel  
below.

'Twas a fearful night! The storm-king abroad in his anger  
went—

And alas! for the hapless vessels on which his fury was spent,  
He raged, in a mad endeavor to tear the rock from its bed—  
Till the music stopped, and the dancers grew pale with  
affright and dread.

“’Tis a fearful night,” they whispered. “we will not dance  
any more!”

And the waves tossed back, in answer, a fierce, defiant roar.





Then up spake Lord Antrim, proudly: "For ages, in sun  
and storm,

This castle has stood uninjured; there is no cause for alarm.  
On, on with the music and dancing—to the winds cast every  
fear!

We are safe in this rock-bound castle; no danger can reach  
us here."

And again the music sounded, with its soft, voluptuous flow;  
But the winds and the waves together, kept mad'ning revel  
below.

In the banquet hall the tables with lavish care were spread  
With the rarest fruits and flowers, while a thousand soft lights  
shed

Their radiance over the silver and glass, so rich and rare;  
And the pompous butler beamed with pride, and bustled here  
and there,

To see his orders were obeyed by under servants all,  
Who hastened here and thither, at his slightest beck or call.  
Beyond, in the spacious kitchen, the maids hurried to and fro,  
Preparing the tempting viands; and the great hearth was aglow  
With a fire whose ruddy splendor lit up the grand old place,  
With a touch that even softened the old cook's careworn face.  
It cast gaunt, dancing shadows, high on the kitchen wall,

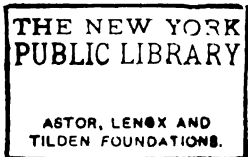


And threw long gleams of rosy light into the servant's hall;  
Resting upon the golden head of one who lingered there,  
With soft, caressing touch—sweet Rose, my lady's handmaid  
fair;



"With a fire whose ruddy splendor lit up the grand old place."

On young Donald, brave and comely, who lingered near her  
side,  
Wooing the bright young girl he hoped some day to make  
his bride.  
But she could not list his wooing, but whispered, pale with  
fright:



"Would we were on the mainland safe, this fearful, fearful night."

He drew her to the fireside, and soothed her fears away,  
And beckoned to old Michael, upon his pipe to play.  
Close in the chimney corner, Michael, the piper, sat;  
But he would not play upon his pipe; he softly stroked the  
cat,

That, restless, crouched beside him; and then, half fearful,  
said:

"The waves make noise enough to-night to wake the sleeping dead!"

"Aye," said old Maud, the cook, as slow she swept the  
kitchen hearth,

"Say what you will, this is no time for revelry and mirth.  
Evil hangs over more than one within these castle walls,  
For every night beneath my room, the Banshee cries and  
calls."

"Tut!" said the passing butler, "have done your silly tale.  
'Tis only fit to make the maidens tremble and turn pale."  
"Well he may scoff," old Maud replied, shaking her silvery  
head,

"But well I know the Banshee's cries have filled his soul  
with dread."





"A long procession slowly wound beneath the castle wall."

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"And well they may," old nurse responds, crooning beside  
the fire;

"For did I not, last Sunday night, beyant the midnight hour,  
Hear the slow, muffled tolling of the Castle-chapel bell?  
And see the chapel all aglow, when none the cause could  
tell?

And as I strained my dim old eyes—I was too faint to call—  
A long procession slowly wound beneath the castle wall.  
I heard their slow and solemn tread; I heard the funeral  
hymn;

I saw their pallid faces, tho' my eyes are old and dim!  
But, as they neared the drawbridge—raised, as 'tis wont to be—  
They, one by one, dropped silently into the troubled sea."  
Her voice sank to a whisper, as nodding slow her head  
She sat and looked into the fire; the while a nameless dread  
Stole over all within the room; for nurse none could gainsay;  
The sun and shade of ninety years were scattered o'er her  
way.

The piper sat with mouth agape; old Maud leant on her  
broom;

The maids were pale; and e'en the butler lingered in the  
room.

Sweet Rose clung to her lover—for louder than before,





"The music stopped midway a strain," etc.

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The waves dashed in the cave beneath, with fierce, exultant  
roar.

"The walls do tremble, Donald; and twice to-night we've  
heard

A loud report, as though a gun within the cave were fired.  
Old Jacque says that in Switzerland before the mountains fall  
Such sounds are heard—oh! what was that? See—see the  
trembling wall!"

Ah! what was that? Above the storm there came a roar, a  
rush

As though of many wings—then over all a death-like hush.

Meanwhile, in the great hall, the music softly rose and fell;  
The merry dancers half forgot the storm they could not quell.  
The laugh was free; the jest was gay; each strove the hour  
to charm—

When what was that, that filled each heart with terror and  
alarm?

A fearful roar; a sullen crash; a trembling, swaying sound;  
And from the walls, the pictures and the busts lie scattered  
round.

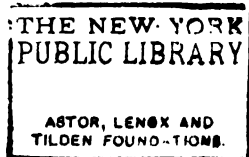
The music stopped midway a strain; the dancers, pale with  
dread,





"Only a few pressed onward, to the servants' hall beyond."

Looked less like happy revelers, than like the sheeted dead.  
Strong men grew pale at danger that they knew not how to  
meet,  
As women, white with terror, sank trembling at their feet.  
They thought it was an earthquake shock; but, as the moments  
passed,  
The hush of death was everywhere; even the furious blast  
Sank to a wailing murmur; a sobbing, pitying moan!  
The angry throbbing of the waves, below, was heard alone.  
Lord Antrim, pale but stately, now rang the footman's bell,  
And through the silent corridors the echoes sharply fell.







They waited, but  
no servant re-  
sponded to the  
call,

And the heavy  
silence, every-  
where, fell like  
a sable pall.

Then, with one  
impulse, from  
the room they  
all together ran  
Down the long,  
winding stair-  
way, to the hall  
of entrance;  
then

Through all the stately saloons to the  
hall of feasting, where

Was spread, in bright profusion, the ban-  
quet rich and rare.

But here the angry surging of the waves so  
near them seemed,

Only a few pressed onward, to the servants'  
hall beyond.

And there they found—great heavens! only  
a dark abyss,



Where a million angry demons seemed to dance, and howl, and hiss!

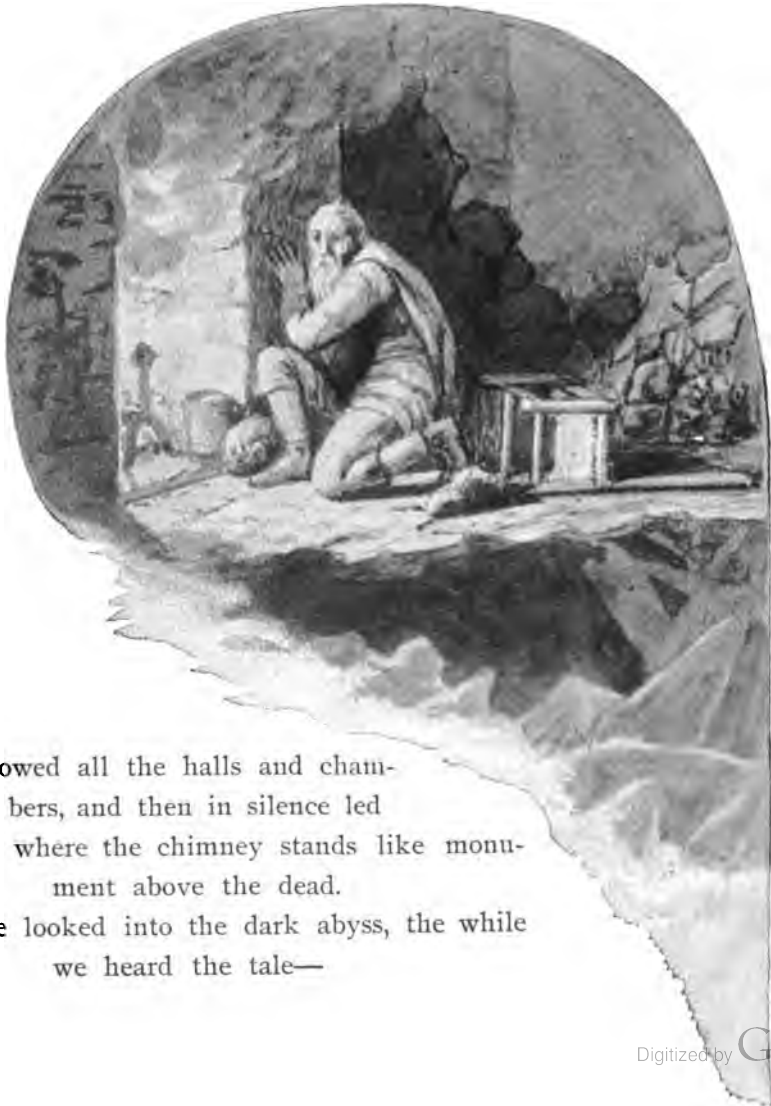
The spacious kitchen, but an hour before so bright and warm,  
Had fallen into the seething waves, a victim to the storm.  
The maids, the cook, the butler, the nurse so old and gray;  
Brave Donald and his pretty Rose, all, all were swept away.  
Only the great, wide chimney, with the firelight yet aglow,  
Still stood erect, its ruddy light cast on the rocks below.  
And crouching in the corner, half dead with fear and fright,  
Michael, the piper, sat; his hair so black turned snowy white!  
With pallid, terror-stricken face, and eyes like fire aglow,  
He crouched upon the hearth, and gazed in the dark depths below.

The cat against the chimney wall shrank trembling with affright!

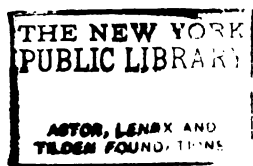
A ghastly pair they seemed indeed, seen through the gloom that night.

Such was the story told to me, one dark November day.  
Around us frowned the castle walls, and just beneath us lay  
The ruins of the kitchen; and as the wild waves rolled  
In anger on the rocks below, our guide the story told.  
A hale old man, he led me safely, gently by the hand,  
Across the narrow causeway that divides the rock from land;





Showed all the halls and cham-  
bers, and then in silence led  
To where the chimney stands like monu-  
ment above the dead.  
We looked into the dark abyss, the while  
we heard the tale—



And fancied that we saw the storm, and heard the mad'ning  
gale;

And our hearts grew faint with thinking of that night so  
long ago;

Of the nine who've slept two hundred years beneath the rocks  
below.

"Old Maud the hearth was sweeping at the time," the old  
man said;

"So every night she is compelled to leave her watery bed  
And come, with cries and weeping, her unfinished work to  
do."

"Alas, alas!" I sadly cried, "if this indeed be true,  
How few of us will ever lie in soft, unbroken sleep,  
If over our *unfinished work* we must return to weep!"

How few, alas! We toil, we strive, we blindly grope our way,  
To only find within our grasp, at close of life's brief day,  
A tiny wisp of golden grain from out the great wide fields  
Where others gather heavy sheaves; and where we, too, have  
kneeled,

Striving to cut the ripening grain, from morn till set of sun,  
Yet find so little finished—and so much to do, undone.

And this was the silent lesson I drew as we turned away  
From the old deserted castle, with its walls so cold and gray:  
Never to seek temptation, believing ourselves secure.





We cannot shut out a danger by simply barring the door,  
When under us, and around us, the evil exulting lies!  
We must build, with the solid rock beneath, up toward the  
vaulted skies.  
We must daily watch, and hourly, as life's storms about us  
beat,  
That an enemy does not *undermine* the rock beneath our feet.



OLD MAUD'S GHOST.



## WATCHING AND WAITING.

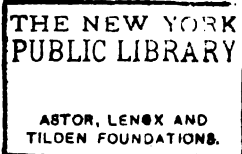
(SONG OF THE VENETIAN FISHERMAN'S WIFE.)



HE shadows are falling o'er mountain and lea,  
And night-vapors rising far out on the sea;  
On the beach, hearing only the sullen sea-moan,  
The fisherman's wife waiteth, weary and lone.  
Her husband beloved o'er the waters doth roam,  
And her fond heart is yearning to welcome him  
home.

Her eager eye scans the wide waters, that she  
His earliest signal of safety may see.

But darkness comes on, brooding o'er the wave;  
She no longer may watch for her lover so brave;  
But soft o'er the waters, like notes of a bird,  
The song of her eventide-welcome is heard:  
"Come back to me, darling, from over the sea!  
Come back, for my fond heart is waiting for thee.



The darkness forbids me to watch for thee more,  
But, trusting and brave, I will wait on the shore."

She pauses and listens. Far out on the main  
A manly voice takes up the dying refrain:  
"I am coming back, darling, from over the sea,  
To the heart that is waiting so fondly for me.  
Let the darkness between us oppress thee no more,  
But trustingly wait for me, love, on the shore."  
Thro' the darkness is heard, now, the quick-dipping oar,  
And both voices blending, "We'll meet on the shore."

And thou, too, lone toiler on life's troubled sea,  
With fond heart still yearning thy lost ones to see,  
There are soft voices calling, like those of a dream:  
"Come home to us, darling, from o'er the dark stream.  
The tempests are fierce; but be trustful and brave,  
And the angels will pilot thee safe o'er the wave.  
Shrink not from the darkness, it soon will be o'er,  
And remember, we watch for thee, love, on the shore."



## GOOD-NIGHT.



GOOD-NIGHT, dear waves of the sea, good-night;  
Reluctant for even an hour I go.  
There's a charm in thy calm, a charm in thy might,  
And a charm in thy bright waves' ebb and flow.  
What is it that brings to our souls such peace,  
As we stand on the shore of the restless sea?  
Are they stilled by thy waves that never cease?  
Or awed by thy type of eternity?

I wake from my sleep in the midnight lone,  
And hear thy waves as they break on the shore;  
And through them the solemn undertone  
Repeating, "Forever, forevermore."  
I know that for ages—since God first spoke  
Thy waves into being—they've thus rolled on.  
Surging and beating on shore and rock;  
Beating and surging with ceaseless moan.





And so, when the feet that tread thy shore,  
The eyes that watch, and the hearts that thrill,  
Shall come to thy strand no more—no more—  
Thy waves will be surging and beating still  
Thro' the ages before us, stars shall set,  
Nations shall rise, and thrones decay;  
But the seal of God is on thee set—  
Thy grandeur can never pass away.





## ADDITIONAL POEMS.



## RESIGNATION.

— . —



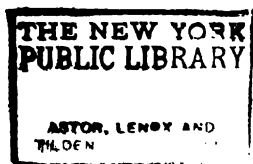
EAD! Will you read the telegram over again to me,  
That came in the early morning from Memphis, Tennessee?  
“Died, of the yellow fever, last night at half-past seven,  
Edward, your son.” How dark a path to lead to the gate  
of Heaven!

Ned! My beautiful darling, so happy, and gay, and free!  
Could not the Angels have spared him a little longer to me?  
Just one month this morning, since he came to me and said:  
“Mother, dear, darling mother, smile on your wayward Ned,  
And say ‘God speed’ to the mission of mercy on which I go;  
To give to the sick and the dying what comfort I can be-  
stow.”

“Not to the plague-stricken cities—Oh, Edward, my boy, not  
there!”

I cried, as his loving fingers smoothed down my thin grey  
hair.

“You are my youngest darling—I never can let you go!  
Pity your poor old mother; spare her this added woe.



How could I live without you? Others, more wise than you,  
Will do more skillfully, better, the thing that you wish to  
do."

Softly, almost reproachfully, came back the noble reply:

"Some mother's son, fever-stricken, for want of my care may  
die.

Think, darling mother, it might have been Benny, or Will,  
or Joe,

Or even your Ned! Dearest mother, say you will let me go."

Yes, he was right; it might have been one of *my* boys! The  
thought

Stirred all the tenderness in me; tears to my dim eyes  
brought.

God would watch over my darling; bring him again to me.

Surely no evil could reach him, working so earnestly

Thus for the good of others; working in God's own way.

So I crushed back the anguish, though I could only say,

Brokenly, tearfully, "Edward, kneel with me here"—and so,  
After our anguished praying, I kissed him, and whispered,

"Go."

So he started that evening. Just when he went to start

He said to me, "Dearest mother, keep up a strong, brave  
heart!

I shall come back in safety; and if I don't—well, then





We'll hope that the gate of heaven will open to let me in."  
"And he has entered"—you whisper. Yes, he has entered it,  
dear

But he has left his mother stricken and helpless here.

"Try not to talk of it?" Let me—tis all the comfort I  
know,

Thus to talk of my darling, who cherished his mother so.  
First came the letters, written full of a beautiful faith,  
That God would let him, for many, soften the pangs of death.  
And so he did, for many a dying message he heard;  
And spoke to the stricken stranger many a comforting word.  
Never, in all the city, a face he had seen before—  
Ah! there's the pang! Among strangers! There, I will cry  
out no more:

Only the thought is so dreadful—pardon a mother's moan  
Over her boy, so brave hearted, dying alone there—alone.  
Talk of the charge of an army! The "charge of the Light  
Brigade"—

Storming a battery unaided; meeting the foe undismayed!  
Well, they were brave—honor to them; 'twas gallantly, val-  
iantly done;  
But naught to a man's going bravely to fight death's legions  
*alone!*

They, excited by battle, obeyed a mistaken command:



He, in the flush of his manhood, went forth with his life in  
his hand,

Into the ranks of the dying—scourge-smitten ranks—not to  
make

A name for the annals of glory; but for *humanity's sake!*

They are the heroes for story—they, the brave women and  
men,

Who have gone forth thus to battle; gone, but returned not  
again.

Ah! you are weeping. I thank you. Tears for my brave  
hearted Ned!

He was the light of our home life; can it be true he is  
dead?

When I first heard it this morning I thought that my heart  
would break.

In tearless anguish I questioned how God his life could take  
When he was working so nobly—exiled from friends and  
home.

And I lay moaning, but tearless, here in my darkened room,  
When underneath my window, Philip, the gardener, I heard  
Talking with Eli Bennett, who scoffs at God and His Word.

"I greatly fear me," said Philip, "his poor old mother will  
die;

She cannot be reconciled—he lay to her heart so nigh."



"Ah, poor woman!" said Eli. "But where is her faith so bright?

I thought she believed her God could only do what was right."

"Only do what was right"—Yet at the first stroke of his rod,  
In quick rebellion, my heart had questioned the wisdom of  
God!

How do I know but my boy, much as it darkens our home,  
May have been taken away from some great evil to come.

So, in the darkness, I hold fast to the hand that I know  
Some day will lead me to him—my darling who loved me so.





## WAITING.



HE fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain;  
I long to toil among the reapers there.  
What full, ripe sheaves I'll gather ere the rain,  
To show my gratitude for God's dear care."

Thus saying, strong and resolute I stood  
Amid the ever busy, hurrying throng;  
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,  
The Lord and Master as He passed along.

He came. Quick pressing thro' the eager throng  
I stood beside Him, near the open gate:  
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong."  
He turned, and calmly said, "Here stand and wait."

The hot blood to my brow and temples flew—  
I struggled fiercely with my hapless fate:  
"O, Master! Have you naught for me to do?"  
"Yes," He replied at once, "Here stand and wait."





He passed along. 'Then thro' the weary hours  
I stood with restless hands and aching heart.  
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers  
Beneath my feet, while thus I stood apart.

Again He passed. I cried, with downcast head,  
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait!"  
One look of sad rebuke; no word He said,  
But left me weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours come and pass;  
I watch the reapers cut the bearded grain;  
I see their heavy sheaves, and cry, "Alas!  
That I can only wrestle with my pain."

The night draws near. I seek Him once again:  
"O, Master, see! 'Tis growing dark and late—  
I have no sheaves!" His sweet voice soothes my pain:  
"They serve me best who patient stand and wait!"

So, patiently, I strive to stand and wait  
Thro' all the glories of the changing years:  
Wait, till His Hand shall lead me thro' the gate,  
And change my sighs to song, to smiles my tears.



## IN THE CROWD.



— . —

HAT a world of changing faces,  
Day by day,  
Chanced upon in various places,  
Greet our way.  
Faces full of light and gladness;  
Faces worn with care and sadness;  
Faces sometimes marked with madness  
By us stray.  
  
Faces haughty, faces lowly,  
Greet the eye;  
Faces brazen, faces holy,  
Linger nigh.  
Faces wherein lurks ambition;  
Faces lit by some high mission;  
Faces bowed in sad contrition,  
Pass us by.



Here a face of sunny brightness—  
    Laughing eyes—  
Where the soul, in all its whiteness,  
    Scorns disguise.  
Baby face, so pure and tender,  
That we pray, "O, Father send her  
Holy angels to attend her  
    From the skies."

Close beside it; scarcely parted,  
    Looking down,  
Scowls a face fore'er distorted  
    By a frown.  
Face with evil passions blending,  
Show the soul is earthward tending,  
As the eyes are ever bending  
    Darkly down.

Index of the soul, these faces  
    That we meet:  
Vice and virtue leave their traces  
    There complete.  
Lessons taught by silent teachers;  
Sermons preached by silent preachers,  
Find we in these changing features  
    On the street.



## WHICH WILL IT BE?

— • —



NE of us, love, must stand  
Where the waves are breaking on death's dark strand,  
And watch the boat from the silent land

Bear the other away.

Which will it be?

One of us, love, must bear  
The heavy burden that none may share;  
And stand, all alone and desolate, where  
We stood in life's fair day,  
Joyous and free.

One—either you or I—  
Must hear the mandate, "Thy friend must die!"  
And bend with the agonizing cry  
That only God can hear.

Which will it be?

And one must close the eyes  
Of the other—the tender, loving eyes—





And kiss the dead face that before us lies,  
The face so calm, so dear.  
Oh! agony!

One, when the other is gone,  
Will lean on the cold memorial stone,  
And brokenly sob, "Alone—alone!"  
And the winds will sigh  
Over you or me.  
And one—grown old and gray,  
Perchance—will walk still earth's toilsome way,  
And dream of the love that lives for aye,  
As the years roll by.  
Which will it be?





## HE LEADETH ME.



WANDERER o'er life's troubled way;  
A pilgrim, far from home alway;  
Naked and friendless though I be,  
Jesus supports, and comforts me.

CHORUS: He leadeth me, close by His side,  
At morn, at noon, at eventide;  
At home, abroad, where'er I be,  
He leadeth me, He leadeth me.

When shadows gather o'er my way,  
Hiding the brightness of the day,  
Still, 'mid the darkness, I can see  
The loving Hand that leadeth me.

CHORUS: He leadeth me, etc.

He leadeth me in darkest night,  
When moon and stars refuse their light;  
When storms assail, on land or sea,  
In safety, still, He leadeth me.



When life is past, and Time's no more,  
When Jordan's billows round me roar,  
I'll cross the stream—dark though it be,  
I will not fear—He leadeth me.

Well, well I know, whate'er betide,  
That He my every step will guide.  
Oh! may His love my portion be,  
Till thro' Heaven's gate He leadeth me.





## GROWING OLD TOGETHER.



— . —  
E are growing old together,  
Time has touched our locks with gray;  
And the roseate hues of morning  
From our life have passed away.  
But we do not heed the shadows,  
Though they lengthen where we stand;  
For we closely walk together,  
Holding each the other's hand.

Oft we count the years together  
Since our pathways joined in one;  
Part in sunshine, part in shadow,  
Have the mingled courses run.  
But no shadow, howe'er sombre,  
Can a lengthened gloom impart,  
When the sunlight softly lingers,  
Shed by love, within the heart.





When we've reached life's mountain summit,  
Down its western slope we'll start,  
With a thousand sacred memories  
Nestling softly in each heart.  
Should we reach its base together,  
What a precious boon 'twill be  
Thus to pass life with each other,  
Thus to meet eternity!

But should one, alas! grow weary  
Of the journey by the way,  
And lie down, beneath the willows,  
To await the coming day;  
How the sunlight would be darkened!  
And how sad the way would seem,  
If our growing old together  
Thus should fade into a dream.











